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the sacrifices of a great nation in defense of its integrity.

The landscape is admirably painted; the water, leaden and sluggish, seems lifeless beneath that rayless sky, and the water oozes through the patches of sedge and marsh, while the atmosphere is so palpable, that the rain is descending in the very foreground and away to the far distant obscure horizon. We do not remember ever to have seen, except in nature, so splendid an effect of rain. It is the touch of a master hand, and is a literal truth.

In every respect it is a picture of startling excellence; full of character, it fixes the attention, first by its strong individuality, next by the subtle sentiment of its treatment, then by its delicate and bold manipulation, and lastly, by its perfect truthfulness to nature.

The idea has been worked out with strength and refinement, and Mr. Cox may well be proud of possessing so remarkable a picture.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING AT THE THEATRES.

When we look at the record of the daily press, and see several columns of announcements, and when we know that 30,000 people nightly visit places of public amusement in this city, it is natural to suppose that some great attraction must be offered in each of these places, and that managers are individually doing their best to engage public attention. We cannot enter a theatre and not find it crowded, and with the spectacle before us of one mediocre play, only redeemed by good scenic display and a better ballet than we had yet seen in this country, running 500 nights, we must think, on a review of the matter, that New York is easily pleased, and takes strongly after the boy who was found sleeping at the playhouse night after night, and on being questioned as to his motive, said it was because he had a season ticket.

A New York public is the easiest pleased in the world. Our theatres, while they should be, for the patronage bestowed on them, the best, are surpassed again and again by provincial edifices; and, in many cases, our metropolitan companies are sufficiently bad to stock a wandering troupe, who would aspire to nothing better than barn-acting. Our managerial system is so entirely devoid of improvement or practical effect in bringing forward good actors, that under its workings we must never hope to see the case improved. If a man had the genius of Garrick or Kean, he could have no hope to appear on the New York stage in a prominent rôle, except he had money to buy his *entree*. One would suppose this would be altered when we know that the American idea runs strongly toward making pets of certain members of his favor-

ite theatrical company, and that his judgment is always nice as to the peculiar excellencies of each. Mr. John Oxenford, the dramatic editor of the *London Times*, who lately visited this country, speaks of this fact in one of his letters. He says:

"With all their ardent love for theatrical amusements, I have no hesitation in saying that the Americans care much more for the actors than for the merits of the play itself. This predilection is consistently accompanied by a regard less to a perfect *ensemble* than to the excellency of the 'star' of the evening; and granted the almost impossible case of a theatrical critic devoting the whole of his notices to the exclusive exaltation of one particular artist at the expense of every other member of the profession, New York would offer a fine field for his exertions, with, however, this drawback—that he would be answered by literary opponents in a plain 'show-up' kind of style, totally unlike anything in the old country. Youth and personal appearance have much to do with the success of a female artist, and, I fear, are allowed to overbalance the proper estimation of talent. At the present day, no performer who is regarded as *passé* in London should look for success in America unless backed by a reputation sufficiently large to awaken universal curiosity."

In all this, Mr. Oxenford has written nothing but truth; but in the expression hazarded in the last paragraph, he is wrong. We are having *passé* English performers thrust down our throats every day, and shall continue to receive them strongly as long as they are properly managed. We cannot cite a better instance of this fact than the success of the Howard Pauls.

We commenced this homily simply from the fact that week after week goes over in New York, and the dramatic critic may sit down to his task with "nothing stirring but stagnation." He must content himself with a simple announcement. What shall he say about the "Black Crook," "The Devil's Auction," "The Duchess," etc., etc., save that they still run, and that crowds still rush nightly to the houses where they are played. What shall we say about Wallack's, except that having brought out two stupid English plays to commence the season, and failed with them, they have now tabooed all authors of both English and native mould, except they have pleased our grandfathers, in which case the management acts on the principle of the old lady who said to the boy, "What, not like horse beans? why, your father liked 'em."

There is one little experiment in the theatrical way, which the press has done little for, but yet has reached a successful issue by its pure merit, and a knowledge of what the public want. We allude to the Fifth Avenue Theatre. This house, with a small but neat company, manages to fill itself nightly, with a most fashionable audience, and to give them pleasant burlesque nicely done, with some new faces and some

old ones. Leffingwell has no equal on the stage in that line, and with Mrs. Sedley Brown and Millie Sackett, they do "Cinderella," "Aladdin," and like pieces, in a style that must be permanently attractive.

One of the successes and attractions of New York is the "Pilgrim's Progress," now exhibiting at the corner of Fifteenth Street and Broadway. The quiet announcements emanating from the managers of this affair do not lead the public to expect what they really receive. A series of paintings, many of which are beautifully executed, illustrate the passage of the Pilgrim, accompanied by singing, and the aid of a lecturer, who would, by the by, be more agreeable to his audience if he had less of the drawl, and paid a little more attention to pronunciation than he might not mistake a mountain for a "mounting," and so forth. The paintings, as they pass in review, are illuminated, and the transformation scene at the end is equal to anything of the kind ever shown upon the New York stage. It is something that every child should see, and every grown person would be pleased with, and satisfied that they could not spend a couple of hours more pleasantly or profitably.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Le Figaro says some very pleasant things about the debut of Mdlle. Irma Marié at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris. Irma Marié is the sister of Galli Marié, who has already made her mark on Parisian attention. She came out in the "Enchanted Flute," on the 12th ult., when, as *Figaro* says, the house was full with dilettanti, musical fanatics and votaries of art—a difficult jury to please, but please she did, nevertheless, and passed the ordeal with the most positive honors.

The last benefit of Mdlle. Schnieder at the Varieties, in the "Grand Duchess" produced her the very pleasant little sum 10,200 francs. The applause was wondrous, the bouquets without number.

BOUCICAULT is agitating the Parisian literary, musical and dramatic public on the subject of an International Copyright, so as to make it better for all those who live by their brains in both countries. It is a pity we have not a Boucicault in this country.

M^{ME}. ARNOULD PLESSEY is seriously ill. M. Nelaton pronounces her malady as dangerous, without informing the public of its nature.

A SINGER who has long been celebrated in the provinces, M. Melchissedech, died on the 10th ult. at Montpellier.

BERLIOZ has accepted the invitation of the Grand Duchess Helene of Russia to conduct the concerts of the Conservatoire, St. Petersburg, and will leave for that place in December.

BERLIN.—At the Theatre Royal they have just produced Auber's *La Part du Diable*, with great success. The principal rôles were filled by Mlle Grun, M. Wowoski, Mlle Himala, M. M. Salomon, etc. M. Radecke conducted the orchestra.

A new tenor has made his appearance in Berlin, named M. Seichen. He has made a great success, though, as the newspapers of that city say, he is only the son of an eating-house keeper. Horrible!

DRESDEN.—The Theatre Royal of this city is to produce Weber's *Oberon* with the most brilliant effects.

THE opera houses of Prussia, with but few exceptions, are doing or preparing to do *Romeo and Juliette*. Mlle Adele Löine has been engaged as prima donna at the Theatre Leipzig.

THE Italian journals announce the suppression of the concerts of the military bands of that kingdom. The reason for this movement is not given, and has created infinite disgust in musical circles. We presume it is in consequence of a necessity to keep all their wind for the coming war.

THE new Theatre at Naples progresses famously. It is to be called the Teatro Donizetti, and is built upon the ground where once stood a convent.

THE orpheonists of Donni have just carried off the first prize in the grand trial at Brussels. The Society *Rotter Munnierkoor* of Rotterdam came second, and the *Enfants la Belgique* of Paris, third.

Mlle. Loeve has been singing the rôle of Zerlina, in "*Fra Diavolo*," at Leipzig, with great success.

PARIS.

The first representation of M. Duprato's one-act opera, or operetta, *La Fiancée de Corinthe*, so long in rehearsal, so long promised, and so long anxiously awaited by the composer and his friends, was given at the Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra a few nights since, with hardly that brilliancy of success which was anticipated by the management. He was born at Nîmes in 1826, took the "*Prix de Rome*" in 1848, and brought out his first work, *Les Trouvailles*, a *pasticcio*, in 1854, which had a fair success. M. Duprato is decidedly clever, and handles his orchestra like a practiced musician. Moreover, his melodies, though too often commonplace, are frank and natural. He writes, however, with too much pretension, and seems to labor in the attainment of a "grand style." This certainly he has not achieved in his *Fiancée de Corinthe*, which is more of a cantata than an opera. If the *Fiancée* had not greatly succeeded no blame can be attributed to M. Perrin, who, in the matter of "mounting" and singers, was as liberal as any manager could be. Mlle. Mauduit and Mlle. Bloch were both good, the former, indeed, excellent, singing and acting like one under an internal influence, which could hardly be affirmed of her fair co-artist, who was somewhat cold and indif-

ferent, it might be, nervous. The *répêché* of the ballet of *Le Corsaire*—one of the sometime glories of the opera—was a delight to all the old lovers of the ballet, who, I am grieved to think, seem to pass away yearly with the growing desire for utility and realization. We no longer sigh for "dreamland," and require murders, breaches of commandments, and subjects the most revolting to excite our feelings. Everything must now be founded on fact, be real and natural, as it is called, and imagination must succumb to cold calculation. Poetry is defunct, and the ballet, one of its fairest children, is dying of a rapid consumption. Mlle. Granzow, the new Medora of the *répêché*, is very charming and full of talent of the most alluring kind, together with an appearance that takes the eye at a single glance. The remembrance of Rosati, however, was detrimental to a great success for Mlle. Granzow, and it is almost a pity that the fair Russian danseuse should have made her *début* in a part so intimately associated with one of the most accomplished daughters of Terpsichore who has figured on the boards of the Opéra for half a century. Nevertheless, Mlle. Granzow is destined to become a great favorite.

[From the Neue Berliner Music-Zeitung.]

A MUSICAL WANDERER.

Every one who has traveled during the last forty years through the beautiful country of Thuringia must certainly have met with an old man, who belonged, so to speak, to the characteristic figures of the landscape. Many persons may not so much as have heard his name, but merely have carried away with them the recollection of an individual somewhat deranged in his mind; others, however, may have made themselves acquainted with the history of "the old *Capellmeister*," as he was always familiarly called. One thing is very certain: the old man led a restless wandering life, and was everywhere to be found, and everywhere at home throughout the length and breadth of Thuringia. In figure he was thin, of middle height, and bent a little forward. Plainly, nay, poorly clad, he went about carrying under his arm a paper parcel, which contained music for sale. His high, broad forehead, and noble features, however, stamped him as no ordinary man, but a closer examination discovered that mysterious contraction and expansion of the eyebrows said to be a sure sign of previous or present mental derangement, and peculiar to many unhappily so afflicted. He himself would naturally never admit anything of the sort, and if, through ignorance or carelessness, he was ever reminded of it, his blue eyes flashed in a truly wondrous manner. For forty years the old man wandered uninterruptedly about Thuringia, besides undertaking long and romantic journeys elsewhere. It is not astonishing that, in the course of so long a period, such a striking personage should become, as it were, an indispensable part of the landscape. Any one fortunate enough to hear the strange old man—who had offered him, perhaps, not long before, a piece of music for a few groschens,—playing the piano, or the organ, could not help feeling that it was an instance of no ordinary genius hopelessly ruined. Such, indeed, was the case. In his younger years, in the full strength of youth, Louis Böhner, for he it was who was the old *Capellmeister*, ranked among the most remarkable profes-

sors of the musical art, and was the object of great expectations.

Töttestadt, in the duchy of Gotha, where he was born on the 8th January, 1787, was his principal residence during the forty years of his restless wandering in Thuringia. His first musical studies were pursued under his father, an organist and parish chanter, and his talent for composition soon manifested itself. His attention was directed mostly to the scores of Bach, Fuchs, Kirnberger, Frescobaldi, etc., while Haydn and Mozart kept alive and imparted fresh energy to his musical enthusiasm. It was not, however, till he went to Erfurt, in his thirteenth year, to attend the Gymnasium, that he followed any regular plan in his musical studies. Soon after he did so, his decided vocation for music was plainly revealed. The most brilliant star in the musical firmament of Thuringia was, at that time, Louis Spohr in Gotha, whither Böhner removed, in order to perfect himself under Spohr's direction. Spohr took a great liking to him, even procuring him the opportunity of appearing as pianist at the court of Gotha, and very soon the young man had plenty to do as a music-master. In the year 1808, he went to Zena, where he remained two years. But he was then seized with his traveling mania, and after visiting his relatives, he set out, in the spring of 1810, upon his pilgrimage. He gave concerts in various large towns. At Nuremberg especially, he achieved a more than usually triumphant success. He intended to proceed to Vienna, but his plans were frustrated. His passport had not been vided by the Austrian Ambassador at Dresden, so, being obliged to turn back at Linz, he returned to Nuremberg. He was received with open arms by the friends his art had procured him, and speedily felt quite at home. He remained in this town six years, during which he resided, free from care, at the house of a friend endowed with a taste for art, composing and playing in public very industriously, while his reputation continued to extend more and more. His works met with the most decided success and were taken up by the leading publishers, such as Breitkopf and Härtel, Hofmeister, etc.

Whether it was that the deaths of his grandfather and grandmother, of his father and mother, and of several of his brothers and sisters, which took place in rapid succession, was too violent a shock for him, or whether bitter experience and events of another description obscured the entire range of his intellectual horizon—one thing is certain: his fine artistic spirit began even then giving proofs of momentary derangement. The artist so highly esteemed by everyone frequently fell into strange moods, which often degenerated into absolute delusions. It cannot surprise us that, under the influence of such demoniacal influence, he soon found it impossible to remain longer by his friend's hospitable hearth, but felt driven out into the wide world. Henceforth he never more found repose. At that period, by the way, the Fury of War brandished her torch over half Europe, and rendered a professional tour almost impossible. We see him there hastening in his flight, without stopping long anywhere, through Wurtemberg, Baden, Alsatia, and Switzerland; giving concerts only now and then in the larger towns. At length, through Wurtemberg and Bavaria, he again reached Leipsic, where he made a long rest. His concerts at the Gewandhaus excited universal interest, and such men as Rochlitz,